

Untitled Songbook

Binder: Unknown

Folder: Unknown

Title: Unknown

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps (probably)

Unit: Unknown

Date: Unknown

Place: Unknown

Source: Getz Collection

Notes: Although there is no cover page, the collection appears to be complete (no missing pages, matches table of contents). Includes music scores with text. Photocopy.

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Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.

Open up the throttle till the needle hits the peg eight bucks a
day Right bucks a day Dive and roll and loop her till she's
wingless as a keg Eight bucks a day is the pay Close the
gate Lock the door Cause we won't come back to
Langley any more We'll land at every flying field to
San-fran-cis-co Bay Eight bucks a day is the pay.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words appearing above the staff in the first system. The piece concludes with a final double bar line at the end of the sixth system.

HI HI UP SHE RISES

1. What you gonna do with a drunken sailor
Put him in the brig till he gets sober
What you gonna do with a
Put him in the brig till

drunken sailor
he gets sober
What you gonna do with a drunken sailor
Put him in the brig till he gets sober

early in the mor - - - ning
early in the mor - - - ning
Hi Hi

up she rises Hi Hi up she rises

Hi Hi up she rises early in the morning.

2. What you gonna do with a drunken pilot
What you gonna do with a drunken pilot
What you gonna do with a drunken pilot
Early in the morning
Put him in the nose of a B-4 bomber
Put him in the nose of a B-4 bomber
Put him in the nose of a B-4 bomber
Early in the morning.

ARMY AIR CORPS

3

1st TEN.
2nd TEN.
Lead
1st BASS
2nd BASS

Words by Clara Carroll

Ar--- my Air Corps Ar--- my Air Corps roll them
to the line Turn them over check the motor
have them start on time Don't de--- lay there
ta-- xi way there watch and fol--low thru Let's go
boys the ships are waiting lift them to the blue.

2. Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, roll them to the line,
Jazz the Navy, pass the doughboys, soar above that kind,
Ships are humming, wires are strumming, lift them to the blue,
Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, show what you can do.

3. All together we will weather, days of rain or shine,
Then away men, pave the way men, far above the line,
Army Air Corps , Army Air Corps, hold your standards true
Ceilings high, or low and stormy, keep them coming thru.

Note: To the tune of "On Wisconsin".

THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Music & Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.

Fill that barrel up We'll drink a loving cup To bombers one by one

Drown your sorrow and forget tomorrow For tomorrow never comes

Here's a health to Anti aircraft Here's a bumper to pursuit God help them

Join in all of you We'll drink a barrel to The Old Bombardment Group

Moderate

A... hand-some young
"Take the cyl - in - ders

air-man lay dy - ing,..... And as on the air-drome he
out of my kid - neys,..... The con-nect-ing rod out of my

lay,..... To me-chan-ics who round him came sigh-ing,.....
brain,..... The crank-shaft from un-der my back-bone,...

These last part - ing words he did say:.....
And as - sem - ble the en - gine a - gain.".....

SING HALLELUJAH FOR MANEUVERS

p-f a tempo

Sing hal lo la jah for me now vers for me

now vers we're on our way now don't be

grieving cause we're leaving we'll be

back the first of May

SING HALLELUJAH FOR MANEUVERS

7

Good times lie before us Not that you here

us But we like to get away Sing hal le

lu jah for maneu vers For ma neu vers

we're on our way.

My wild eyes ca det He ain't learned no thing yet

mf *a tempo.*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal melody is on a single treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on grand staves (treble and bass). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* and a tempo marking of *a tempo.*

He no ses her down When close to the ground My wild

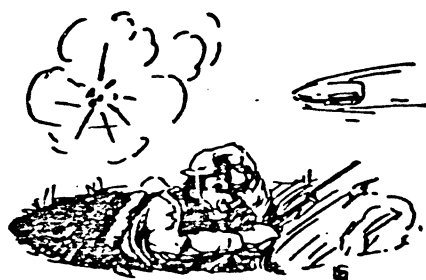
This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal melody continues on the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

eyed ca det He slips in his banks

This system contains the third two staves of music. The vocal melody continues on the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

If he lives we'll all give thanks I hear drums beating

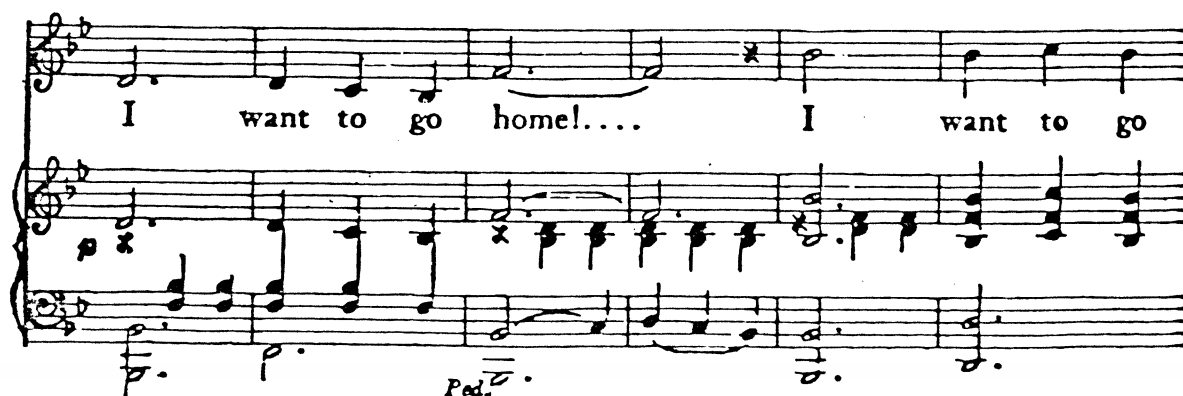
This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The vocal melody continues on the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



I WANT TO GO HOME

(Air Service Stanza)

I want to go home! I want to go home!
 The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,
 The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
 Take me back to the ground; I don't want to fly upside down!
 Oh, my! I'm too young to die!
 I want to go home.



I WANT TO GO HOME

homel.... The bul-lets they whis-tle, the can-nons they roar;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a long note on 'homel....' followed by a melody for 'The bul-lets they whis-tle, the can-nons they roar;'. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation.

I don't want to stay here an - y more. Take me ov - er the

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with 'I don't want to stay here an - y more. Take me ov - er the'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with a 'p.f.' (piano forte) marking.

sea Where the Germans they can't get at me..... Oh,

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line includes the phrase 'sea Where the Germans they can't get at me..... Oh,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

my! I'm too young to die! I want to go homel....

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. The vocal line concludes with 'my! I'm too young to die! I want to go homel....'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.

1. There were 90--- 7 airplanes warming up on the apron
and they didn't have room for more The first 96 were of
new construction But the last was a D H 4

OLD 97

3

2. She was old and decrepit and the fuselage was rotten
And the wings were warped and bent
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture
A cow that was quite content.
3. She was old 97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started the engine
For she knew that her time was near.
4. A second lieutenant wandered into the office
And he asked for a ship for two
And they said, "Young man we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do".
5. "Now the first 47 are reserved for the majors
And the captains have the next 49
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."
6. He was headed for Dayton, and from there to Columbus
And he had to make that flight
So he said "OK if you'll give me a clearance
I will get there some time tonight."

7. Oh, he flew over Birmingham and north Alabama
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all.
8. He turned to the left and ran into a snow storm
And he turned back to the right
And he turned around, the fog was behind him
And the mountains were all in sight.
9. He flew through rain and he flew through the snow storm
Till the light began to fail
Then he found a railroad that was going his direction
And he said "I'll get there by rail"
10. He flew down the valley and he dodged around the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.
11. There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And the throttle was bent in the forward position
But the engine was facing back.
12. L-a-d-i-e-s , listen to my story
No matter how you yearn
Never say harsh words to your aviator husband
He may leave you and ne'er return.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

The image shows two staves of musical notation for the song 'Old Soldiers Never Die'. The first staff contains the lyrics '1. Old soldiers never die never die never die' and the second staff contains 'Old soldiers never die They just fade a way'. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a treble and bass clef.

2. Old sailors never buy
Never buy, never buy
Old sailors never buy
They just sail away.

3. Old pilots never fly
Never fly, never fly
Old pilots never fly

a tempo
p-mf

It's only a shanty at old Kelly Field The

a tempo
p-mf

roof is half off the sky is revealed The

noise from the planes It will drive you in sane And your

neigh born cooking you smell very plain The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'a tempo' at the beginning of the first and second systems. The dynamics are marked 'p-mf' (piano-moderato-forte) at the beginning of the first and second systems. The lyrics are: 'It's only a shanty at old Kelly Field The roof is half off the sky is revealed The noise from the planes It will drive you in sane And your neigh born cooking you smell very plain The'. The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures. There are some markings like 'P' and 'P' with a slur at the end of the first and fourth systems, possibly indicating a piano section or a specific performance instruction.

ants and the roaches they give you night mares And the

roads are all lighted by aeroplane flares But I'd al ways go

colla voce

back to that old G. I. shack My shanty at old Kelly

a tempo *Moderato* *a tempo sf*

Field.

2. I'm only a student in the COS School
 Attack not defense is the general rule
 We have horses to ride
 Dumb generals to guide
 Till you get so sore, you're fit to be tied
 There are rivers to cross and forts to attack
 If I ever get thru, I don't want to come back
 Cause they gave me a nag
 For the live hunt and drag
 At the old C and G S School.
3. I'm only a student at the Tactical School
 Proper use of the airplane is our golden rule
 The instructors they rant and the students they pant
 But of old General A we don't get the right slant
 Attack, Observation or the Pursuit too
 Say there's not a thing that the Air Force can't do
 But if you finish this course.
 You must ride an old horse
 At the Air Corps Tactical School.

BOMBED

Moderato

mf We were bombed last night, Bombed the night be-fore, And we're gon-na be bombed to-night as we

nev-er were bombed be-fore. When we're bombed, we're as scared as we can be, They can

CHORUS

bomb the whole darn ar-my if they don't bomb me. They're ov-er us, ov-er us,

One lit-tle cave for the four of us, Glor-y be to God, there

are no more of us or they'd sure-ly bomb the whole darned crew.

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

(How Do You Get That Way?)

Words by
Sergt. JACK W. ALFORD

Music by
Lieut. L. M. HARRINGTON
Arr. by David Griffin,
Post Song Leader at Kelly Field, Texas

Marcia

I heard they want-ed men to fight as av - i - a - tors bold, So
I've peeled a mil-lion spuds since I've been in this fly-ing game, I've

I went down, held up my hand, and this is what they told: "You'll
swung a pick and shov-el, 'till my wear - y back is lame, I've

go to Kel - ly Field and learn to nav - i - gate the sky," When
nav - i - gat - ed lots of ground but not an inch of sky, And

I got there I was * "S. O. L." for this is how I fly: *mf*
when I ask a-bout aer - o-planes, I hear the same old cry:

CHORUS

Not fast

p "Look at the ears on him, on him, Oh! how do you get that way?"



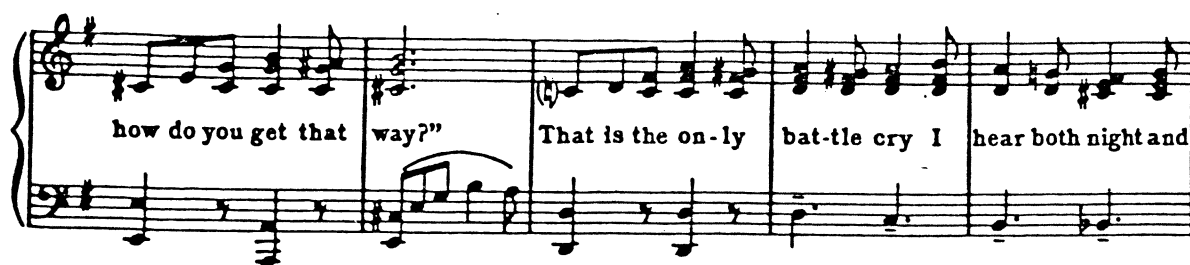
That was the greet-ing I re-ceived as I marched in to - day. First they put me



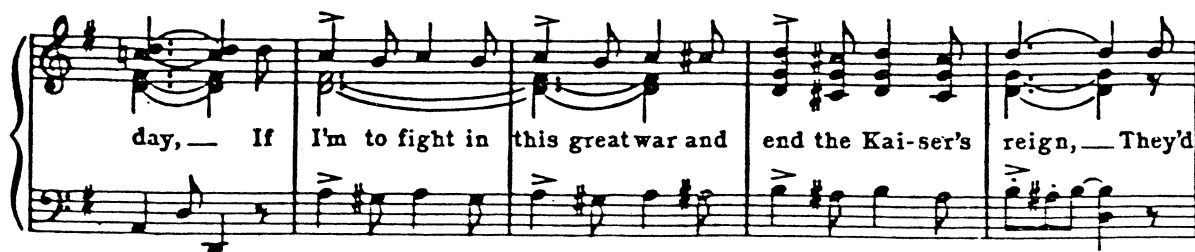
in-to the kitch-en, "K. P." was my name, I wrote my girl that I was a fli-er,



ff Gee! but I'm a *rit.* won-der-ful li-ar. *a tempo* "Look at the ears on him, on him, Oh!



how do you get that way?" That is the on-ly bat-tle cry I hear both night and



day,— If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kai-ser's reign,— They'd



bet-ter take up my ket-tles and pans, And gim-me an aer-o-plane! 1. 2. -plane! *ff*

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS

Words Madeline Smith
by E. H. DeFord
Roland Birn

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is the main melody, starting with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "1. Come on and join the Air Corps and get your flying While others toil and study hard and soon grow old and". The second system continues the melody with the lyrics: "pay blind You You won't have to work at all but loaf around all take the air without a care and never never". The third system is the chorus, marked "Chorus" above the staff. It has a key signature change to one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "day mind Never mind Never mind". The fourth system is a final line of the chorus, with the lyrics: "Come on and join the Air Corps and you will never mind".

2. Our pilots do a lot of stunts
And do them well, of course,
And if you think that isn't hard
Just try to loop a horse.
Our air mechanics have more brains
Than Generals of the Line,
But don't get sore, just join the corps
And never, never mind. CHORUS:

3. You're flying o'er the ocean
And then from where you sit
You see your prop come to a stop
Your engine it has quit.
You cannot swim, the ship won't float
The shore is miles behind
Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish
But you will never mind. CHORUS:

4. Come on and get promoted
As high as you desire
You're riding on the gravy train
When you're an Army flyer.
But just when you're about to be
A general, you find
Your motors cough, your wings fall off,
But you will never mind. CHORUS:

Two systems of musical notation for piano accompaniment. The first system contains the lyrics: "We stand neath resounding rafters The walls around are bare They". The second system contains the lyrics: "echo back our laughter Seems that the dead are all there." The music is written in treble and bass clefs with a common time signature.

Chorus:

Stand to your glasses steady
 This world is a world of lies
 Here's a health to the dead already
 Hurrah for the next man to die

2. Denied by the land that bore us
 Betrayed by the ones we held dear
 The good have all gone before us
 And only the dull are still here
3. We loop in the purple twilight
 We spin in the silver dawn
 With a trail of smoke behind us
 To show where our comrades have gone.
4. In flaming Spad and Camel
 With wings of wood and steel
 For mortal stakes we gamble
 With cards that were stacked for the deal.

THE PASSING PILOT

Two systems of musical notation for piano accompaniment. The first system contains the lyrics: "Be - side a Bel - gi - an 'stam - i - net, when the smoke had cleared a -". The second system contains the lyrics: "Be - side a Bel - gi - an 'stam - i - net, when the smoke had cleared a -". The music is written in treble and bass clefs with a common time signature.

way, Be-neath a bust-ed Cam-el, its form-er pi-lot lay; His

throat was cut by the brac-ing wire, the tank had hit his head, And,

cough-ing a show-er of den-tal work, these were the words he said:

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land—they jazz there every night;
The cocktails grow on the bushes, so every one stays tight;
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,
And little drops of whisky come trickling through the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few gasps before he passed away:
"I'll tell you how it happened. My flippers didn't stay.
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,
A bullet hit the gas-tank, and the gas came leaking through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,
Where the eggnog grows on the eggplant, and the pilots grow a bun.
They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads, they've got no Flaming Fours,
And little frosted juleps are served at all the stores."

Beside a Belgian water tank
One cold and wintry day
Beneath his busted engine
A young observer lay
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole
But not entirely dead
And he listened to the last words
This young observer said:

CHORUS

Oh, I'm going to a better land
Where everything is bright
Where hand outs grow on bushes
And they stay out late at night
You do not have to work at all
Nor even change your socks
And drops of Johnny Walker
Come trickling thru the rocks.

II

The pilot breathed his last few gasps
Before he passed away
I'll tell you how it happened
The flippers fell away
The motor wouldn't work at all
The ailerons flivvered to
A shot went thru the gas tank
And let the gas leak thru

CHORUS:

III

The spirits left their bodies
And as they upward flew
Said pilot to the observer
I'll tell you what we'll do
We'll get old Pete to give us wings
And back to earth we'll fly
And we'll hunt those god - damned ki-wis
Until the day they die.

CHORUS:

Mother take down your service flag Your son's in the S.O.S. He's

S.O.L. but what the hell He never suffered less He

may be thin but that's from gin Or else I miss my guess So

mother take down your service flag Your son's in the S.O.S.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line. The fourth system ends with a double bar line.

2. Mother put out your golden star
 Your son's going up in a Sop
 The wings are weak, the ship's a freak
 She's got a rickety prop
 The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk
 He's sure to take a flop
 So mother put out your golden star
 Your son's going up in the Sop.

OVER LAND AND OVER SEA

23

(Song of the American Air Force)

Lyric by
EVELYN O. de SEVERSKY

Music by
ALEXANDER P. de SEVERSKY

Moderato

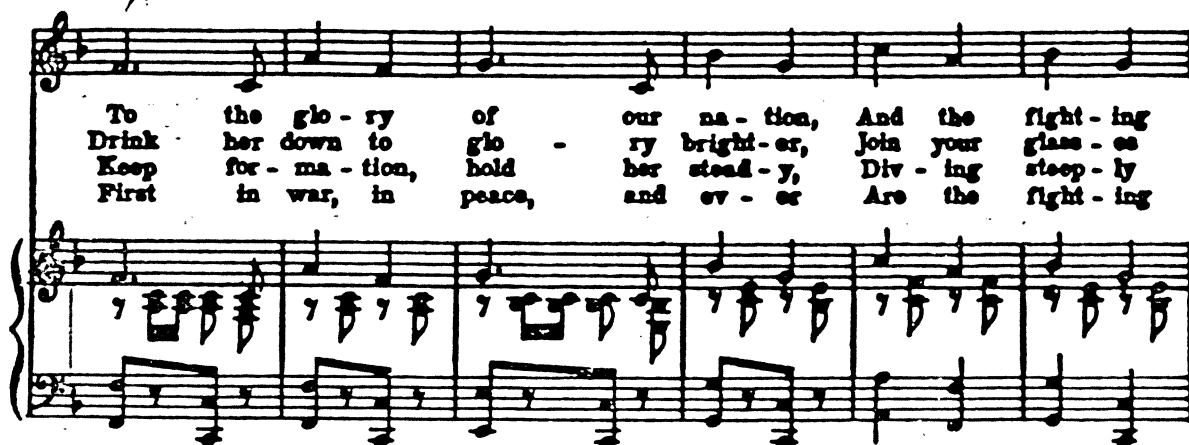
Piano

f *Ad lib.* *a tempo* **CONTACT!**

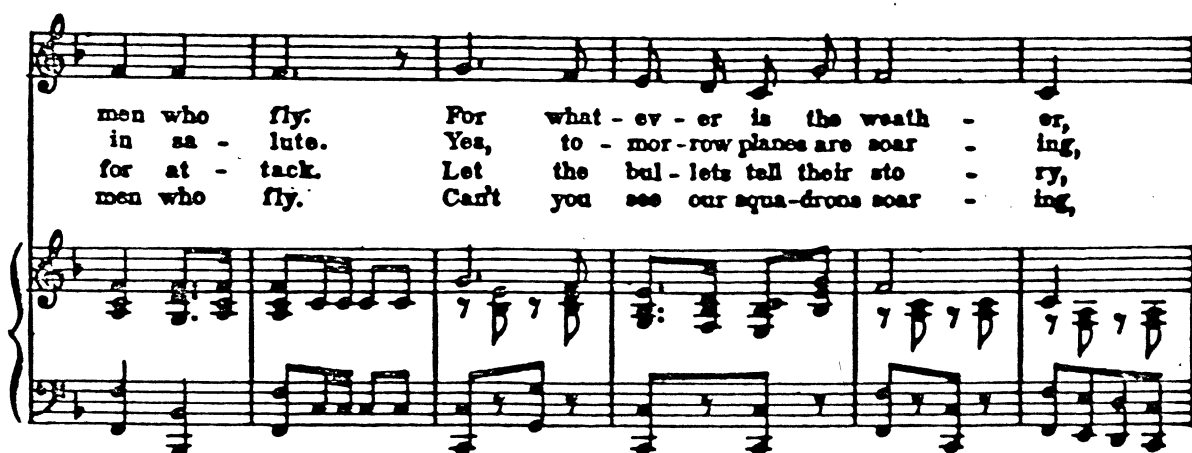
VOICE

1. Rise and drink to a vi a tion,
2. Bomb - er, trans - port, air - craft fight - er,
3. Clear your guns and get them read - y,
4. Dan - ger lurks a - bove for - ev - er,

Let us hold our glass - es high,
Ob - ser - va - tion and pur - suit,
Check the load in each bomb rack,
First de - fense is in the sky;



To the glo - ry of our na - tion, And the fight - ing
 Drink her down to glo - ry bright - er, Join your glass - es
 Keep for - ma - tion, hold her stead - y, Div - ing steep - ly
 First in war, in peace, and ev - er Are the fight - ing



men who fly. For what - ev - er is the weath - er,
 in sa - lute. Yes, to - mor - row planes are soar - ing,
 for at - tack. Let the bul - lets tell their sto - ry,
 men who fly. Can't you see our aqua - drons soar - ing,



And wher - ev - er we may be, _____ We, u - nit - ed, fly to -
 And the wind is blow - ing free, _____ Wings are spread and en - gines
 Fly her on to vic - to - ry, _____ Death comes quick - ly, so does
 To re - pulse the en - e - my? _____ Can't you hear our en - gines

To Coda
last time
only

geth - - er, O - ver land and o - ver sea...
 roar - - ing, O - ver land and o - ver sea...
 glo - - ry, O - ver land and o - ver sea...
 roar - - ing, O - ver land and o - ver sea?

8

OPTIONAL INTERLUDE

D.S. %

CODA

sea...

accel.

marc.

8

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words appearing in italics. The score is divided into four systems, each with a grand staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the word 'fine' written above the staff. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and the word 'D.C.' written above the staff.

I don't have to walk like the Infantry Ride like the
Cavalry Shoot like artillery And I don't have to
fly over Germany I am a Kewee now *fine*
I am a Kewee now I am a Kewee now *D.C.*

Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.

Here's a health to the formation leader A jolly good fellow is

he He uses three star navigation And flies on Bacar-

di Here's a health to the leader's To the gunner within his
two wing men

turelle Here's a health to the whole damn We'll fly reviews in Hell
formation

THE STUDENT'S SONG

Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.
K. M. Walker

1. I am a gay studentay Al the I'm not
2. The instructors are very zealous Take ideas from

so callientay I'm taking this course on the back of a
any one ellus But on map problem test They think theirs are the

horse with horses the troubles are plenty
best Relegate your ideas to the shelluf

3. Now I am a fair navigator
With Ouomonic Chart or Marcator
But I would get there
With hours to spare
If rivers and railroads were straighter.
4. In Infantry I've great erudition
Can attack or defend a position
But when to do which
Now there is the hitch
I never hit the school's solution.
5. Let's all drink a toast to Artillery
They always park near a distillery
And all that they ask
Is that we "clean the mask"
Which we do if the ground's not too hillery.
6. Alas for Attack Aviation
They'll never dare leave their home station
For the big three-inch gun
Shoots them down one by one
At zero or less elevation.
7. I am a gay bombardiero
I drop my bombs far - o and near - o
And with this basik arm
Keep the nation from harm
Or so I've been led to believe - o
8. Now radio is emblematic
Of messages wrong and eratic
If the Air Force C.O.
Uses a radio
The war will be ended by static
9. Now so far the school is all jake - o
But we've other courses to take - o
So this is my plea
If you'll listen to me
Just let up on us for God's sake - o